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GERMANY.

Our Correspondent Getting Accustomed to German Diet.

The Hardships of the Female Laborers and Her Contentment.

Coblenz—"Gibraltar of the Rhine"—Newly, the Home of the "Quakers of Germany"—Roman and the Celebrated Apollinaris Water.

Bonn, August 13th, 1886.

Editor News-Herald:—We see Coblenz together, although the pleasure that we would otherwise enjoy is marred by the separation that is so soon to be. Our Munich friends will take the evening boat for Mayence, and there take the train for their home (Munich), one with a sprained ankle from which he may never entirely recover.

Coblenz, the capital of the Rhenish province of Prussia, is a strongly fortified city of over 30,000 inhabitants, situated like Bingen at the meeting of two rivers, the Rhine and the Moselle. It has a garrison of 5,000, not including Ehrenbreitstein on the opposite side of the river. Few towns on the Rhine can vie with Coblenz in beauty of situation, standing as it does at the confluence of two of the most picturesque rivers in Europe and commanding charming views in every direction. The side of the town towards the Rhine consists of a row of large buildings—the palace, the venerable church of St. Castor, government offices, hotels and dwelling houses. The palace, a large building of no architectural merit, with a lofty Ionic portico, was erected just a century ago, and fitted up as a palace in 1845. The north wing contains the palace chapel in the Renaissance style, used as the Protestant Church of the garrison. Over the altar is a large copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Adjoining it is the English chapel which was liberally dedicated to the use of the English residents, by the Princess of Prussia, now the Empress of Germany. The upper apartments, to which a broad staircase ascends, are occupied in the summer by the Empress. The church of St. Castor, founded in 836, in its present form dates from the 12th century. It is a Romanesque basilica with four towers, terminating in a semi-circular apse, adorned with a gallery of small columns, and presents a quaint appearance. The interior is roofed with rich Gothic groined vaulting, and the choir decorated with gildings and paintings. The transept contains sixteen early German oil-paintings executed about the end of the 15th century.

To the west of the church stands the "Castor-Brunnen," erected by the last French Prefect in commemoration of the French campaign against Russia, with the inscription: "An 1812 Mémorable par la Campagne Contre les Russes. Sous le préfet de Jules Doazan." The Russian general, St. Priest, who entered the town January 1st, 1814, with exquisite irony added the words: "Fu et approuve par nous Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblenz le 1er Jan. 1814." There are numerous promenades, and following one of the walks we come to the monument of General Marceau, "a soldier at 16, a general at 23 years of age." Byron refers to him as follows: "By Coblenz, on a gentle rise of ground, There is a small and simple pyramid, O'erlooking the ruins of a verdant mound; Beneath its base are hero's ashes hid, Our enemy—but let not that forbid Honor to Marceau."

On the opposite side of the river, reached by a pontoon bridge, are the two fortified mountains Ehrenbreitstein and Astenstein. The former, called the "Gibraltar of the Rhine," is situated on a rocky summit 367 feet above the Rhine, and is inaccessible on three sides. The fortifications were long considered a marvel of military engineering. The French paid fifteen million francs to Prussia for the restoration of the works by the second peace of Paris; but twenty-four million marks (about \$6,000,000) has been expended on them. From here the view of the Stollensfels and Andernach, and the valley, villages, river and islands between, and the many mountain peaks rivals with its abrupt and distinct outlines, the softer but none the less impressive view from the Niederwald.

We now recross the bridge, and after planning to meet soon again, bid adieu to our friends, and again are both travelers and sight-seers. We are in a happy frame of mind, whether because we received no accident that sent us off to some dull town in the interior for the summer, or because we were among the tourists instead of the invalids at Ems, or because we had such a palatable dinner, and interesting tour through Coblenz afterwards; one alone or all combined we know not; but we are willing to give the dinner its full share of honor now that our taste is educated. We have seen the time when we attributed all accidents, aches and pains, and even the failure of the News-Herald to arrive on time, to that mysteriously-odd combination called *mal de Rhine*. No difference how familiar the name is, translating it into German has a strange effect on the dish. And the quantity, course after course, each one might be labeled "ple" and there is not a mistake, if

an article happens to be served alone, there is always a German on either side or in front of you, who, anticipating the labor of the stomach, compounds a mixture that would madden a druggist. If he did not brush his hair before he sat down, he will pick his teeth between courses and, with all the reader will not be surprised that an American must actually educate his taste. The dinner by its quantity, is apology in part for the breakfast, which should have been mentioned first, but it is scarcely worth mentioning at all. Butter, bread and coffee, no more, no less. At first we were tempted into ordering that delicious American dish—beefsteak; when we saw the bill we laid claim to the hotel, and believe to this day that in deed and right the institution is ours. We often hear that it is the little things that trouble us most in life, and I am sure the little breakfast played well its role, until, as I said before, we became accustomed. *Supper* is always a *la carte* and seems more like an American meal, perhaps because our appetite had not been appeased and was gaining the mastery. At least now, one, to see us at the supper table, would think we were sipping the fashionable, fasting all day and giving the stomach its severest task when we should be giving it, like the brain and muscles, absolute rest. Indeed we would not willingly have it otherwise; for what, with compensating for the breakfast by a lunch, and the wholesome refresh air and exercise gives us for the midday and evening meals, we easily and gladly forget our early struggle in the later victory.

The habits mentioned, but which I will not name again, are in part atoned for by the Germans in their studious politeness. This civility, which I have had occasion in a former letter to remark, is universal. Between equals (males) it is always a hand-shaking and a lifting of the hat; and I have numbers of times seen men kiss each other and their grown up sons at parting. Children never leave the presence of their parents or any one else, or meet an acquaintance on the street without an appropriate salutation. School children, not of many years, shake hands when they separate on the street. The same courtesy of course, is accorded to the women—who by birth or marriage are freed from labor. Those who labor, however light it may be, seemingly receive polite attentions. It is a well-known fact that the women of Germany as a class, are laborers in all the word implies. In villages, in cities, or in the country, they bear the heavier burdens. How often have we seen them with great baskets on their heads, or fastened by shoulder-straps to their backs, filled with everything they buy or sell, raise, eat or wear; at another time driving a cow and wagon loaded with farm products; at another dragging a small wagon filled with milk-cans from house to house, with a hungry looking dog as an assistant, or sweeping the streets with brooms made of birch twigs, or scrubbing steps, washing windows, washing and spreading their clothes on the river bank, never or seldom singing, but always cheerful. In the country we have seen them with bent backs hoeing potatoes, tobacco, (of which there is a little raised), cabbage, beets, onions, etc., and in the evening carrying or dragging on a cart a load of grass cut from the roadside or river-bank. We have seen them after digging potatoes—the hardest of all a farmer's duties—labor so that not only exhausts but cripples him so that when his day's work is ended, he can scarcely raise his eyes from the dirt he has been digging in, carry them home in quantities that actual experience tells us, are heavy for a man, and common sense, too heavy for any woman. We have seen and heard them digging in the rocks on the hill-sides, where it seemed no living thing could last a day, and each blow of their heavy hoe sounded like a nail driven in their coffin. Yet they seem to be happy, and they are—happiness can not be counterfeited. We will believe that their good nature is the reflection of the beautiful scenery of the mountains and bountiful harvests of the valleys.

The largest valley we have seen we now enter, the river left to the right, is hidden from view. We are in the center of a valley encircled with mountains five or six miles distant on every side, which does not differ from the Rhine plain near Heidelberg. If we could blot out the mountains, make fields of many acres of the small patches, and scatter farm houses at intervals, the scene would very well represent a fertile section of the State of Illinois. We again come to the river at Weisenstern, where on a hill above the village stands an obelisk to the French General Hoche, who crossed the Rhine here in 1797. On the opposite side of the river is Neuwied, a city of over ten thousand inhabitants, consisting of Protestants, Roman Catholics, Baptists, Jews, and Moravian Brothers. The latter are also called Herrnhuter, from Herrnhut in Saxony, where they had established themselves after their expulsion from Moravia. They were originally followers of John Huss, and after his death their number enormously increased. They now form a kind of religious republic, having their own laws both for public and private life, which are administered by their elders. The appellation of the "Quakers of Germany" has been given them on account of the gravity and austerity of their manners

and habits. The unmarried brethren live in a separate building and carry on different trades, the profits of which are devoted to the community. Visitors are readily admitted and are first conducted to the magazine, where they are expected to make some purchase. The establishment for the sisters is similarly conducted. They are recognized by their peculiar white head-dresses fastened with ribbons of different colors, according to their age and condition,—girls, dark red; young unmarried women, pink; married women, blue; widows, white. The streets are wide and the promenades and parks numerous, and both are inviting in their extreme cleanliness.

The schools of Neuwied have a high reputation, and are attended by pupils from England as well as all parts of Germany. In these respects it differs greatly from the next town, Andernach; but of the two, the latter is more interesting with its narrow streets and the old walls extending picturesquely along the bank of the river, above which rise conspicuously the old bastion, the Rheintor, the crane and the lofty tower at the lower end of the village, while the handsome Parish Church with its four towers is visible in the background. Andernach was the Roman Antunacum, or Antonaco, one of the fifty fortresses of Drusus. Subsequently to the 8th century it is frequently mentioned as a royal Franconian residence. In the Middle Ages it was an imperial town, but was taken by the Electorate of Cologne in 1466. In 1688 it was burned by the French. We now pass through Nemed, Fornich, Rheineck and Nieder-Brig, while on the other side are a series of mountains with a village at the foot of each, which, to briefly mention the points of interest in each, would alone occupy a long letter. From Nieder-Brig through Sinzig to Remagen we again leave the Rhine. The change in our immediate surroundings is one that is restful to the eye; but we can still see on either side in the distance the mountain ranges and towering peaks. Crossing the Ahr River we arrive at Remagen. This town, of less than 4,000 people, is hardly known by name, but the name of the water bottled here and shipped everywhere is familiar to the eyes and ears of the world. Who has not heard of read about and drank the Apollinaris mineral water? There are three springs, but the one (Apollinaris brunnen) owned by an English company has been instrumental in spreading the reputation of this natural mineral water, naturally charged with carbonic acid gas. About 50,000 bottles are filled daily, and 750,000 are shipped to America every month. The Roman Catholic and Protestant churches are at either end of the town; the office of the "Apollinaris Company, Limited," is near the center, on the bank of the Rhine. Near the latter church a road leads to the left and to the top of Victorburg, which commands a charming and varied prospect. Below the town a broad road ascends on the left of the Apollinarisberg, which is crowned by the Apollinaris Church. It is an elegant four-towered structure of Gothic style, and was erected in 1839 by Zwirner, the late eminent architect of the cathedral at Cologne. The interior is adorned with ten large frescoes in the best style of modern German religious painting. Opposite Remagen lies Erpel, above which rise the basaltic cliff Erpel Lei, 500 feet above the Rhine. Between Remagen and the next village, which also lies on the opposite bank, the river describes a wide curve; this we follow by the splendid road that skirts its edge, and soon arrive at Oberwinter, from which point a scene of incomparable beauty is presented to us. First the river, a wide or narrow ribbon of blue and silver, according to whether we are near or far from and above it on a mountain top, then the two islands, Nonnenwerth and Grafenwerth, lined with trees with the tower of a castle just visible, then the other bank, dotted with villages, and lastly, the seven mountains, and their thirty towering peaks. On either side on the highest points are the two castles Rolandsck and Drachenfels. In the next half hour we ride down to Mehlen, cross to Königswinter and make the ascent to the Drachenfels by the mountain railway, constructed on the same system as that at the Niederwald, or the Rigi in Switzerland. It ascends the hill almost in a straight line, the length of which is 1,602 yards, and its rise 740 feet. The seven mountains (Drachenfels, Wolkenberg, Lohrberg, Oelberg, Nonnensternberg, Petersberg and Lowenberg) form the termination of the Westerwald district, and consist of a group of peaks, cones and long, rounded ridges, some of which are covered with forests and luxuriant herbage. They are of volcanic character, and consist, the first three of trachyte, the second three of basalt, and the last of dolomite. The two castles Drachenfels (dragon's rock) and Rolandsck are the first to be seen by travelers making the "Rhine trip" as most do from Cologne to Mayence instead of vice versa, and are therefore most frequently visited. In beauty of legend and scenery they are not disappointing. From a stone quarry (Domburgh) near the Drachenfels was obtained the stone used in the construction of the Cologne Cathedral. From the summit a thousand feet above the Rhine an extensive view is had from Remagen to Cologne. On the left the view of river, village and valley is obstructed by the mountains; on the right the scattering mountains give place to the plain and Bonn and

intervening towns, and the winding river can be distinguished until two dimly marked lines locate the spires of the Cologne Cathedral.

The castle of Drachenfels, a crown of the wide and winding Rhine, whose breast of waters broadly swells between the banks which bear the vine: A hill with blossoms of the Rhine, And fields which promise corn and wine, And scattered cities crowning these, Whence far white walls along their shores, Have strewn a scene which I should see With double joy were thou with me.

It is said that the views from the others would richly repay a visit to them, but they have no railroads, so we went our way through the fertile valley we have just seen from the mountain top, which looms none of its beauty in closer inspection by twilight, and arrive at Bonn. Very truly yours, J. G. HIRONS.

What it insures.—A pleasant home is insured to those who use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. 25c.

Take warning.—For want of Day's Horse Powder many horses, cows, sheep, and hogs are daily lost.

You can save time and trouble, and maybe life itself, by prompt and judicious use of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills at the beginning of a bilious attack.

"Belle of the season," Dressel's Bell Cologne.

The motley assembly which generally meets the evening train at the C. W. & B. depot is a disgrace to this city and a source of great annoyance to people having legitimate business there at that time. To strangers arriving on that train the sobriquet of Model Town, as applied to this village, would seem the severest sarcasm. The depot, at best, is a dark, dismal, heathenish hole, and when it is made the rendezvous of yelling, hooting, swearing crowds of men and boys, of all colors and designs, it becomes a matter for serious consideration. They begin to accumulate long before the train is due and as the train is invariably late, the gang make it pleasant around the station for about an hour each evening with their loud talk and boisterous behavior, interspersed with occasional rough and tumble fights. For an unprotected lady, it is exceedingly unpleasant and almost impossible to make her way to or from the train, and she looks in vain for official assistance. The surroundings of the depot need more light. There should be at least three more lights along the plank walk to insure even a moderate degree of comfort. There should also be an officer of the town present at train time who could at least preserve something like order in the crowd.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Scurver." 50c.

Happiness depends very much on the condition of the liver and kidneys. The ill effects of bile and its impurities on those whose digestion is good. You can regulate your liver and kidneys with Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

MARRIED. KELLS—WOODS—By the Rev. Philip Trout, at his residence, one mile north of Lawrence, Kansas, on the 10th inst. Amanda Woods, on October 4th, 1886. Both of Lynchburg, Ohio.

"100 Does One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY Seybert & Co. sept 17

Real Estate Transfers.

A. S. Spickard to Nathaniel Roush, Dodson township, 30 acres, \$800.

Nathaniel Roush to A. S. Spickard, Dodson township, 30 acres, \$800.

Meadow Robinson to Morgan Stroup, Hamer township, 40 acres, \$1,500.

Sarah Ann Rowe to Thomas M. Lewis, 66 acres, \$1,700.

Sandy Charlton, Jr., to Preston W. Armstrong, Greenfield, lot, \$735.

David White to Leonard Penley, Leesburg, lot, \$600.

Leonard Penley to David White, Leesburg, lot, \$600.

Preston W. Armstrong to E. H. Miller, Greenfield, lot, \$900.

Daniel Donohue to Hannah Donohue, Hillsboro, lot, \$800.

Emeline Barr to P. O. Pulse, Salem township, interest in 50 acres, \$200.

Shirley Brown, county to Peter J. Savage, Brown and Highland counties, 107½ acres, \$3,900.50.

Maggie A. Achor to Mary J. Fulton, Dodson township, 3.3 acres, \$850.

E. H. Miller to George W. Wolfe, Greenfield, lot, \$400.

A. J. Hughey to J. M. Hughey, Madison township, 18 acres 24 poles, \$450.

James M. Hughey to John A. Hughey, Madison township, one-half of 101 acres 135 poles, \$2,500.

John A. Hughey to James M. Hughey, Madison township, 44½ acres, \$1,100.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be quickly cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Broughman's Eye Salve. 25 cents a box. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Probate Court.

W. L. Morrow, appointed guardian of Orissa Hand Mader.

John Wiegand, appointed administrator of the estate of Daniel Donohue. Bond, \$800. Will of Teter Barnes filed.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Harvey Kells and Amanda Woods.

Frank O. Wilkinson and Louisa Stafford.

Thos. B. Cunningham and Elsie B. Eakin.

John P. Link and Stella Fittro.

R. R. Faver and Flora A. Farrell.

William K. Jones and Eda Gaskill.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Cheater, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pains and lameness, and am able to do all my household work. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c, at Seybert & Co.'s drug store.

TRAMP PRINTER

Resurrects His Midsummer Note-Book.

And Describes More of the Many Things of Interest

To be Seen at Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh.

Way back in Midsummer—how long ago it seems now—I wrote of a visit to the ancient building at Newburgh, N. Y., in which Washington so long had his headquarters during the struggle of the American patriots for independence. I described the old Hasbrouck mansion and attempted to tell of the many interesting relics that have been collected and placed in the old headquarters building for safekeeping, but these were so numerous that I could then mention but comparatively few. Now with some leisure time at my disposal I will dig up my note book and attempt to tell of many things that lack of space then prevented me even mentioning.

Of the many martial relics perhaps none is more interesting than

THE SCARF OF SANTA ANNA,

Which hangs upon a nail upon the west side of "the room with seven doors and one window." If I remember correctly the scarf is of a faded bluish green, with gold bullion tinsel fringe. The scarf was donated to the headquarters by one Charles Blakeman, a volunteer in the Pennsylvania regiment, and one of the party by which the infamous, villainous, cowardly Santa Anna was captured at Tehuacan. The scarf was previously allowed to fall into the hands of our troops on the occasion when Santa Anna hurriedly boarded a mule in his anxiety to escape the approaching American army, leaving his sash, wooden leg, and other personal property behind. There is another interesting relic in a piece of the flag staff from the Mexican national palace, which trophy was secured and presented to the headquarters by the late Gen. W. G. Belknap. The knapsack worn by Blakeman at Chapultepec, where he lost an arm, and the coat, hat and "spatter-dashers" worn by Col. James Duncan in all his battles in Mexico, may also be seen. These Duncan relics, together with his sword, were presented by his sisters, the Misses Duncan, of Cornwall, N. Y. History tells us that Col. Duncan, one of the bravest and most efficient of our officers during the war with Mexico, was at the time of his decease Inspector General of the U. S. Army.

Relic No. 670 is an epaulet, worn by Lieutenant Robert Burnett in 1782-3. Burnett having been the last of the Revolutionary officers to succumb to the summons of the grim reaper, a few words regarding his history may not be out of place. The son of one John Burnett, he entered service at an early age, becoming a lieutenant in Capt. Stephens' artillery company and commanding Redoubt No. 3 at West Point at the time of poor Arnold's treason. He was also at the siege of Yorktown, where illness prevented him from doing active duty, and continued in the service until the close of the war. When the last hostile gun had been fired and the angel of peace was siring her snowy pinions over the charred and bereft homes of the tried, true and victorious colonists, he accompanied the remnant of the immortal army to New York, where he was present when the British evacuated, and when Washington, with tremulous voice said good-bye to his officers, when they were gathered together to bid him adieu at the old France's Tavern. He died in 1855—"the last surviving officer of the Revolution."

LAFAYETTE'S MUSKETS.

The corps which Marquis Lafayette commanded in 1780 was composed of selected men, who were returned to their original regiments in October of that year. Thacher wrote that Lafayette had "spared no time or expense to render his corps of infantry as fine a body of troops as could be produced in any country." He states that every officer under his command received from him a present of an elegant sword, and the soldiers were put in uniforms, mostly at his own expense. He also obtained in France muskets of the then best pattern for his command. Twenty of these muskets are now among the collection at the headquarters in a gun case in the southeast room, alongside of twenty-six English muskets and a dozen pistols captured from Hessian troops at Trenton.

Among the furniture is a chair used by the first Congress under the Constitution, and at City Hall, New York, at the inauguration of Washington, April 30th, 1789. The wife of the janitor obtained it upon the removal of the seat of government to Washington, and presented it to the collection.

THE HISTORY I STUDIED

When I was a boy (my, but that sounds immense!) stated, I well remember, that one reason why the Hessian "hirelings" were such poor fighters was because their dress and arms were so heavy. Anyone who doubts the statement of Quackenbos or Goodrich (whichever it was) will have all doubts removed by inspecting a Hessian boot that hangs upon the wall by the fireplace. It was worn by a Hessian cavalry officer who was taken prisoner at Saratoga in 1777. He traveled on foot

with other prisoners, wearing this boot and its mate as far as Middlehope, where he succumbed to the inevitable and exchanged them for a lighter pair. This one boot looks as though it might weigh six or eight pounds, and the relic-hunters have clipped off no telling how much of its top. The only wonder is, if all the Hessians were dressed accordingly, that any of them ever got away.

THE CLINTON PAPERS.

Among the numerous "Clinton papers" may be seen a letter written by General James Clinton while on an expedition to chastise the Six Nations of Indians. The letter bears the date of August 30th, 1779, and gives an account of an engagement with Col. Butler and histories and Indians. The Six Nations had been induced by the British Government, with which they had been in alliance for over a century, to take up the hatchet against the Colonists. They became exceedingly troublesome, harassing the frontier settlements, carrying on the mode of warfare such as only savages could, and at last the Americans determined to put a stop to their depredations. For this purpose Gen. Sullivan was sent from Easton, Pennsylvania, with a force of men, uniting in the Mohawk Valley with the force Gen. Clinton had brought from Albany. The plans of the colonial soldiers were highly successful, they destroying thirty-six Indian towns and creating in the ranks of the savage allies of George III., a wholesome fear of the Yankee rifleman.

To whirl down the beautiful Mohawk Valley of the present day and contrast it with the Mohawk Valley of those days is but to give one a still keener appreciation of the progress of the world in the last century.

There are a number of letters written by Mrs. Mary Clinton, to her husband, the General, who, by the way, were the parents of Gov. DeWitt Clinton. In one of these, addressed to "The Honorable James Clinton, Brigadier General at Yorktown, in General Washington's Camp," and dated September 28th, 1781, she wrote: "I wish you success and hope the Lord, the great General of Heaven and Earth, will be at the head of your army and be your Director and Counselor, and cover your head in the day of battle and give you success that you may all safe return to your homes and families."

The Clintons occupied so much prominence in the earlier History of America that a few further words regarding the distinguished family may not be out of order: Alexander, Charles, James and George were the sons of Charles Clinton, the elder, an Irishman, who sought a home in the New World in 1729, settling at Little Britain, in Orange, (then Ulster) county, New York. The first mentioned son became a physician, and Charles, Jr., also studied medicine, becoming a Surgeon's Mate and accompanying New York's quota of forces for the expedition against Havana, in 1762. James, who seems to have attained more prominence than either of his brothers, was educated for a civil engineer and surgeon, and, being a natural-born soldier, rose to eminence among the General officers of the Revolution.

George studied law and was elected to represent his county in the Colonial Assembly, where he was a leader in introducing to the principles of the "Stamp Act." He was afterwards in the Second Continental Congress, later Governor of New York from 1777 to 1792, and again in 1801. In 1805 he was elected Vice President of the United States with Thomas Jefferson, and again with James Madison in 1808. He died at Washington during his second official term. The Clinton papers came to the headquarters from James Clinton Bolton, a descendant of the illustrious family.

WASHINGTON LIKED CHEESE

In all probability, as in a letter written by him to one, Nathaniel Sackett, dated Newburgh, August 15th, 1782, he is profuse in thanks for the cheese Sackett was "kind enough to send him." There is no disrespect meant for the Father of his Country when I incidentally remark that the letter failed to tell whether the article was Swiss, Limburger or the kind our rural friends eat with crackers on stockade day.

BOONE'S LETTER.

When the above mentioned Sackett, who seems to have been a sort of pioneer himself, was traveling in what was then considered the West, he was once the guest of that tutelar saint of the pioneer and huntsman, Daniel Boone. His visit had been preceded but a short time by one from Captain Eben Platt. This letter, dated "Limestone, 7th March, 1776" was given by Boone to Sackett, who was going in the same direction as Platt, to whom he was to deliver it. Contrary to expectations Sackett failed to overtake Platt and the letter remained undelivered. It was handed down to his children unopened; and it was not until years after his death that the lines written and sealed in the wilderness so long before, were read. Long years the bones of the immortal pioneer have rested on the picturesque bluff by the romantic Licking, in the regions he was one of the first to explore, recking not that his lines never reached the eyes for which they were intended.

And then if your well-meaning but absent-minded son gets a letter out of the postoffice and carries it in his inside coat pocket until the post-mark wears off, you get mad about it!

BRAVE RICHARD MONTGOMERY

Was chosen to lead the expedition

against Canada, in 1775, Gen. Schuyler, from sickness, being unable to command it. The colonial arms were successful at St. Johns, Chambly, and Montreal, and Montgomery moved on to Quebec, acting in conjunction with Arnold—afterward "the traitor." Three weeks the city was besieged, and an attempt to take it by storm on the morning of December 31st, resulted in the death of Montgomery, the wounding of Arnold, the repulse of their brave men, and the ultimate failure of the expedition. Among the documents at the Headquarters are the orders issued by the heroic but unfortunate leader at Montreal, Nov. 18th, 1775, in which he entreated his troops to not to lay him "under the necessity of abandoning Canada—of undoing in one day what had been the work of months—of restoring to an enraged and hitherto disappointed enemy the means of carrying on a cruel war into the very bowels of their country." If the expedition was not successful the appeal was, and amid the blinding snows of the Canadian December, the soldiers followed him to his death. With these orders are others from Gen. Wooster to Gen. James Clinton, directing him to "proceed with all possible expedition to the army lately commanded by our brave deceased General Montgomery," and take command of them till Colonel Arnold should "recover from his wounds, or till otherwise ordered."

There are several papers relating to Burgoyne's expedition, which a modern historian has said was "a Sherman's march to the sea, without Sherman's success." The story of his defeat and surrender to Gates, the haughtiest of American Generals, is familiar to all who have ever heard of the Revolution.

WASHINGTON TO GAGE.

A letter from Washington to Gage, regarding his treatment of prisoners, dated Cambridge, August, 1775, is written in a tone of the purest patriotism, and exhibits the supercilious conduct of Gage in no very flattering terms. It says: "You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source with your own. I can not conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original foundation of all power." And again: "If your officers, our prisoners, receive a treatment from me different from what I wished to show them, they and you will remember it." The copy is in the hand-writing of Joseph Read, at that time Washington's Secretary, and the author of the noble sentiment: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

My notes, jotted down while a recent visitor at the old Headquarters at Newburgh are not yet all written up, but they may not be as interesting to you as they were to me, so I will not write of them again—this week.

Tramp Printer

The torturing disease neuralgia is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by Salvation Oil.

Rev. Wm. H. Chapman, pastor of M. E. Church, Georgetown, D. C., writes us:—Having had an opportunity to test the excellent quality of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, I hesitate not to say, it is the best remedy I have ever used in my family. For cough and whooping cough it is a sure cure.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, schr. Westmouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly afflicted and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household, and on board the schooner. Free trial bottles of this standard remedy at Seybert & Co.'s drug store.

From a late issue of the Burlington (Kan.) Independent, we clip the following complimentary notice of our former and well-known citizen, Mr. William Schwartz:

We can't let the fair pass by without making mention of the farm product display exhibited by our friend, Wm. Schwartz. Every year so far he has been something grand to show up and this year his display was better than ever. He believes in county fairs and is always ready to help out. This time he brought in a wonderful lot of very choice samples. His display was the largest on the grounds; in fact more room had to be made for his accommodation. He had one pumpkin in the lot that weighed 113 pounds. The judges mistook it for a squash and so awarded. Perhaps by next year they will learn what a pumpkin is. There was a rich display of beets, corn, melons, squashes, potatoes, tomatoes, citrons, etc. There were three melons, the combined weight of them being 110½ pounds. In the potato line he had the Mammoth Pearl, White Star, White Elephant, Early Rose, Early Ohio, White Nehalem and Victor Peach Blow. His display reached over one-half the length of agricultural hall. He took first premium on the best display of potatoes, tomatoes and melons. His little 11-year old daughter Beatrice had a fine pencil sketch of a dog on exhibition in art hall that was almost perfect. It hardly seems possible that a child so young could do such excellent work.

In gathering wild flowers, autumn leaves, or plants in the woods, we are more or less exposed to danger from poisoning by ivy or other wild vines and shrubs. The poison is under certain circumstances readily absorbed by the blood, and painful swellings or eruptions are caused. Such afflictions: Hood's Sarsaparilla readily cures, as it expels all impurities from the blood. Even in cases of poisoning by Paris green, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful. It should be kept constantly in the house, as it is the best remedy for all such ailments. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists. 100 doses 50c.